

M A D T O M.

I am Mad Tom--behold me!
 My wits are quite unframed;
 I'm mad I'm sure, and past all cure,
 And no hopes of being reclaimed.

I'll climb the frosty mountains,
 And there I'll kent the weather;
 I'll pluck the rainbow from the sky,
 And splice both ends together.

I'll mount the primum mobile,
 And there I'll fright the gypsies:
 And I'll play at bowls with sun and moon,
 And win them with eclipses.

I 'prentice was to Vulcan,
 And serv'd my master faithful,
 In making tools, for Jove and his fools,
 But the gods prov'd all ungrateful.

The stars pluck from their orb too,
 And put them in my budget;
 And if I'm not a roaring boy,
 Let all the nations judge it.